[10 cont.]

539 χ'ámabe χ'ámabe χ'ámabe χ'ámabe God, God, God, God
782 /gami tara ái Water we can drink!
[821]
271
731 [11] In the waterless wilderness of the palm bush and the Otjimpolo Veld death from thirst often enough overtakes even the Bushmen, accustomed as they are to privation. They [488] do not deny that at times they are forced to leave the old and [758] the sick behind in the wilderness. But such an occurrence stays in the people's memory for a long time as a serious misfortune. Anyone who is acquainted with the Bushmen's love of children and veneration of parents and old people can understand what it means to them to be forced to leave behind one of their own.
271 One must have experienced personally the feeling that overcomes one when due to thirst and heat the body no longer gives off perspiration, the dry forehead feels burning hot, and a slight chill passes through the body, in order to understand this song of joy which seems so naïve, whose content is: We can drink again!

539 3. Short and fervent prayer at the beginning of a
782 journey:
[484] χ'ámaba !Khu gai teve God, let me travel well.

[755] 4. Choral prayer for a sick person: When someone is gravely ill, the relatives sing in chorus, while the doctor performs his ceremonies.
χ'ámaba !khoé-wa ≠khai kháira téve God, let our people rise again.

789 5. Not a real prayer, but rather a formula of exorcism is said to oneself when meeting a stranger regarded as evil:
Tshuai Kwewa /Nawa!

821 They do not know anything to say about the sun (soresa). The moon (χ'áwa) dies every month and wakes up again.

753 Illnesses are sent by χ'amaba. He sends them to those
776 persons with whom he is angry. Other spirits have no role in this, and there is no spirit of sickness.

776 There is a host of little spirits, the /ga /ga hú, in the bush. They play tricks.

775 A human being has only one soul, !gaoba. This soul goes to heaven after death. (!nanu-aiba, rain house?) The house of χ'amaba (≠khauba) is there. Only the doctors know [756] what it looks like up there. They speak with χ'amaba.

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224 Toma's son rubbed his head with his tough little fingers to
857 make up his mind. Finally he left his friends and climbed on
866 the truck. Home was too far to walk to, he said, and he was going to forfeit. As we drove away, his friends ran after us, shouting that they would bring him his share if they were able.

151 We reached Nama Pan late in the afternoon. Toma and
152 Gao Feet cleared a werf for Short Kwi, and when he was
757 settled comfortably with his back against a tree and with soft grass and blankets arranged all around him he said softly, just to himself and anyone else who might be listening, that during the night his leg had fallen off. After he said this he began to cry, and Gao Feet slowly crouched beside him, unwound the blanket slowly, and untied the bark, then gently lifted the knee away from the calf, which remained on the ground, just like the leg of a mummy. When the calf had fallen off, Short Kwi had pushed the two pieces back together again. Short Kwi was crying and biting his hand and his wife was crying, and Toma and Gao Feet stood beside him for a minute looking, the expression on their faces as dark as night.
766 Then they picked up the leg and carried it away to the veld, where they buried it in a hole, exactly as if it were a person, they were so sad.

152 Later, when we had dressed the stump, Toma and Gao Feet came back to sit with Short Kwi and talk with him. Gao Feet told about a Bantu man he had seen far in the north who had been injured in a mine accident and had been fitted with a false foot. Short Kwi could have one too, Gao said; but Toma said, almost too depressed to speak: "What does it matter? He is a cripple now."

521 Then the men went away and left Short Kwi to rest, and
● 758 during the evening the children and young people were talk-

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ing happily, but all the adults in all the werfs were too depressed and sad. Finally, one by one, the men went back again to Short Kwi, who by now had rallied and was sitting up, surely having been through the worst of it the night before, and talked to him about the antelopes he had killed and about the time he killed a wildebeest, an eland, and a wild pig all in one day.

It has been said that Bushmen abandon cripples or people who are old or sick and cannot travel. This is not true.

Far into the night, people who could not sleep sat up and talked at each other's fires. We heard the guashi being played, its long strings sounding in repetitious little songs of four or five notes which themselves were played over and over, for the guashi was being passed from hand to hand, played idly by people who just wanted something to do.

It was a warm night. The frogs in the pan were croaking and the north wind blew the cooking-fires around. Later, when the moon rose and made a blood-red fire all its own, the people began to go home. Toma and Gao Feet and their sons stopping to visit us on their way; they walked silently up to our fire from the darkness and dropped to their haunches one after the other, and sat quietly, their grave faces tilted back, hands shading their eyes. Toma's son wore the crown of badger hair, which moved in the wind a little. Presently the men and their sons stood up again one at a time and walked on, as silently on their bare feet as they had come. We heard the low voices of other people who were passing, then saw fires flare up at the werfs, and much later, when the wind had died and even the frogs were silent, we knew that some of the people were dreaming, for they groaned in their sleep.